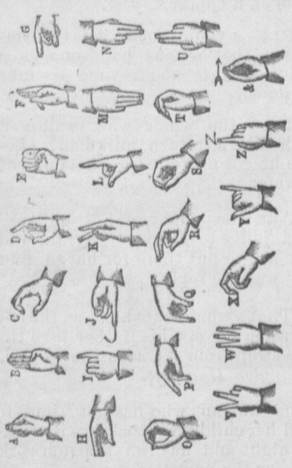
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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1880. NUMBER 6.

POETRY.

Papa's Letter.

I was sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed."

"But I'se so tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzer fing to do.
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I wite a letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty now."
"No, no, mammy, me wite letter!
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now little letter,
Go away and bear good news;"
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee,
"Mamma's witing lots of letters;
I'se a letter Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattle.
As once more he climbed the stair.
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry stair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair,
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door.
"I'se a letter, Mr. Postman;
Is there room for any more?

"'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa;
Papa lives with God, 'ou know,
Mamma sent me for a letter;
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find anozzer office,
'Caus I must do if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.
—*Liverpool Weekly Mercury.*

STORY TELLER.

FOREVER!

"Promise!"

"I do solemnly."

"Forever?" continued the solemn, broken voice.

"Forever" echoed the weeping maiden by the bedside.

The wasted hands were raised over the heads of the kneeling figures; the pale lips of the dying woman parted: the tongue tried to utter a blessing; but all brightness faded from the eyes. The woman was dead.

Two girls knelt at her bedside. Constance Owen was the name of one, with sallow skin and large brown eyes, and Edith Ormond, she was called, with ringlets of gold floating around her fair neck, and whose head was leaning upon the shoulder of Constance, who had promised the dying woman to be a sister, protector—mother even—to the fair maiden at her side.

The strong, faithful, homely girl called Constance was an adopted daughter of the dead lady—one of those waifs of the street, whose only hope of life is in the charity of some tender-hearted stranger. She, however, repaid her protector by a love and regard as filial as that of her own daughter, and when, upon her deathbed, Mrs. Ormond bade Constance Owen make her the solemn promise recorded, the brave girl not only did not falter, but whispered once more to the stricken girl at her side:

"Yes, Edith, for the sake of the love your dear mother gave to the orphan will I love you better than myself—forever."

And darkness was in that chamber, desolation in the hearts of the mourners.

* * * * * *

Two years passed—two years since Edith the beautiful and Constance the brave had lost their best earthly friend. The former had grown more lovely even than the promise of the dawn of her radiant maidenhood: the latter more homely, larger featured in face, but with the two years an added dignity of mien, a more intelligent light in the quiet, tender brown eyes, and force of character better defined in every movement. There came many suitors to Bonnybrook—so the little country-seat belonging to Edith was called—but, so far, the little coquette did not pay much heed to any of them. She was chasing the butterflies of Fancy aronnd that Garden of Eden—first youth. But at length her beauty, grace and perhaps high social position, brought one day to the gates of Bonnybrook one Doctor Paulding, a superior and rising young physician, who lived in the city close by, and when he had found his way to that pleasant country nook, somehow he discovered patients in that vicinity very frequently. Was it Edith's fair face that made him take that blooming highway so often?

He was indeed fascinated by her bright, girlish beauty, and one evening after he had wandered in the gardens, under the moon, soft, pleasant words must have been spoken, for after he had gone, Edith, with a flushed face, dashed into the room were Constance was awaiting her, and throwing her arms around her, said in a happy, trembling voice:

"Oh! darling, I am so happy. He has told me he loved me."

Constance spoke not a word; Edith was held a moment to a beating heart, a soft kiss touched her forehead, and the next moment she was alone.

"He loves me! He loves me!" And Edith looked out over the gardens from which the dews of night were distilling all their odors; she gazed at the round, beautiful moon, and peopled the shadows with the image of the man who had first stirred her young life with the divine music of love.

A month after the pleasant confession had been made, Edith was called to the mountains of Vermont to attend a dying aunt, the only sister of her dear mother, and she had to proceed alone, as Bonnybrook would have lacked a guardian if Constance had accompanied her—Dr. Paulding's duties utterly denying him that pleasure.

Constance was engrossed in her home duties and saw but little society, save a few rustic neighbors, who only recommended themselves by goodness of heart, and certainly not by the brilliancy of their wit or understanding. Once in a while Dr. Paulding would ride out to Bonnybrook, as Constance told him, from the force of old habit, but soon it seemed that the man of medicine and science did not carry on the conversation with the old ease, grace and spirit. What had come between Constance Owen and himself? Something inexplicable. The noble woman found a strange, rare pleasure in the society of the gifted man; the scholarly man a sympathy with the large-hearted, intellectual woman which he had never known or experienced in any of her sex.

"True," he said to himself, "she is not beautiful; indeed, measured by the rules of beauty, she is positively ugly. But who can gauge the charms of a melodious voice, or define the tenderness of an honest, kindly eye?"

And she, too, mused in this wise:

"This Dr. Charles Paulding is a marvelously gifted man. What powers of language, what treasures of imagination he posesses! What a noble career he has before him; and Edith"—here she would pause and think of that clinging tendril, not as helping the growth of the oak, but as drawing from its strength. Yet from all such thoughts as these her staunch and loyal heart would resolutely turn away—yet for all this her speech would not come as trippingly on the tongue as in the old days, and he would oftentime finish a sentence in the middle of it, and then lose himself in vague glances at the ceiling or out into the gardens.

Oh, it was a dangerous time for both of these awakening hearts. But they glided on this treacherous stream, and seemed only conscious that the hours were sweet and that the sun shone on the waves. There was no thought of disloyalty in either heart. He was above all a man of honor, and she of all else a loyal woman. Yet how hearts delude themselves. In the very pride of his strength Samson was shorn his of locks.

One quiet evening in July Dr. Paulding had taken tea at Bonnybrook, and Constance—his "hostess" only, she called herself—strolled down to the gate with him. His impatient horse was biting the rough old hitching-post and throwing up clouds of dust with his fore feet. He had been kept there four hours, and he seemed more eager than his master to leave Bonnybrook behind him. The doctor idly plucked some heliotropes as they strolled down the rose-bordered paths, and mingled with the flowers some dainty mignonette and a pale bud or two of the tea rose. At last he placed the bouquet in her hands and said dreamily:

"Read the emblems, Constance—you, who are a priestess in Flora's beautiful temple.'

She quickly looked over them.

"Ah," she said, "you choose well, Sir Botanist. Here you have 'beauty in retirement,' 'constancy'—that is good—and 'I am not a summer friend'—that is better than all. But you flatter with your flowers nevertheless."

"Not you," he replied eagerly, almost tenderly, and in a voice that somehow frightened her.

She replied almost coldly—although her heart was strangely beating, and a warm, unusual color was in her face: "My best friends will tell you, doctor, that I am ugly and commonplace. Believe them, I beg of you, and do not let your imagination invest me with any charms.

He seemed all at once to be carried away by his passion. He leaned over her and replied, warmly: "I say you are beautiful, Constance Owen. I feel your beauty in my soul." But he said no more.

The face of Constance was a study; the flush that before had crimsoned her cheeks died out, and she became ghostly pale. Her fingers which had clasped the flowers, slowly opened, and they dropped to the ground at her feet. All at once the vision of the dead woman seemed to present itself to her mind, and the trust she was violating struck cold to her heart. Was this the "Forever" she had spoken? She staggered and would have fallen; the arms of Dr. Paulding were about her, but she waved him away in a moment with such a piteous, despairing gesture that he obeyed her without a word. She only had strength to falter:

"Go—and remember Edith"—and she staggered back to the house, leaving him standing there, bent and trembling.

She did not know how she reached her own room; the strong woman had learned at the same time she loved that she must sacrifice and renounce.

She stood for hours white and motionless, looking out at the sunset and the gathering gloom of evening, with wild thoughts chasing themselves through her brain, and a dumb, aching pain in her heart; every hope trailing in the dust, like those sweet flowers *he* had given her. She laid her head after a while upon her hands, on the window casement of her room, and wept softly through the long, long hours, until she heard the village bell strike the hour of midnight. She had prayed and wrestled with her grief and agony, and rose up at length quiet and calm. She had yielded to duty and her promise to the dead.

Somehow Constance Owen seemed to grow prettier as the months passed by—there was some refining change which was softening her rugged features and rounding every line in her stately form. The summer into autumn had flown, and still Edith Ormond had not returned to Bonnybrook. Her aunt had died, and letters came from time to time saying that ere long she would be home, yet she came not. Could she suspect the disloyalty of her lover?

It was late in the fall, when the woods had put on their pomp of glory, and the chill winds sent the fallen leaves through the valleys near Bonnybrook, when Dr. Paulding rode up to the house and asked for Constance. She had only received him twice before since that summer evening, and had then contrived by womanly tact not to be alone with him—although she no longer doubted her strength. Constance on this occasion received her guest alone; there seemed a strange embarrassment in his manner. After the first greetings were over, he said:

"Constance, I have much to say to you to-day. Do you think you can listen to me calmly?"

"Yes," she replied, "if it is upon a subject on which you should speak"—and she added tremblingly—"to which I should listen."

"Both," he said. "When first I saw Edith Ormond I was captivated by her beauty and girlish graces; I thought I loved her—"

Constance would have stopped him by a gesture, but he gently begged her to listen—"for you can do so now," he said, "in all honor and reason."

He continued:

"I had never had my heart stirred by the full knowledge of love, however, until I knew you and discovered the breadth of your sympathies and the womanliness of your character. I never respected you more than when you rejected me, knowing I was the engaged husband of Edith. But fate has been kind to us both. His voice was trembling with emotion. Read the last part of this letter."

He handed a folded paper to Constance, who took it as one in a dream.

"From Edith?" she said.

"Yes."

The portion she read ran thus:

"So you see, dear Dr. Paulding, it is better I should tell yon now that I have met one here—my cousin Ray—whom I feel that I love better than anybody in the world. I have promised to be his wife and I am sure you will forgive me, for you are so noble and grand and all that, and I should feel, I know, that I never could fill worthily the exalted sphere of Dr. Paulding's wife"—

Constance could read no more; a mist gathered over her eyes, but this time a strong arm was about her and a voice deep and melodious, whispered to her: 'Dearest Constance, will you be mine at last?' Their lips met for the first time in one long kiss of love, and his answer was: 'Yes, thine—Forever!'

California Drivers.

The California ranchmen have wonderful aptitude for driving, and one sees some pretty good examples among the hills. The road down the mountain sides is entirely unguarded upon the outer edge, and the descent in most places is precipitous. A balky horse or fractured wheel, or a slight carelessness in handling the reins, might easily send a carriage-load of people to destruction—and an awful destruction, too. The path is wide enough for one pair of wheels only, but at intervals, in favorable places, it broadens so that teams may pass each other. To drive in such a manner as not to meet another traveller midway between these places is a special branch of the art. The huge lumber teams which carry wood from the mills in the mountains to the yards in the valleys, being unwieldly and very heavy, are especialy hard to manage. Yet the drivers always seem easy and nonchalant. First there is a large four-wheeled oaken truck with a seat in front, ten feet above the ground; behind it is another truck, somewhat shorter, but still enormously stout. They are fastened together and loaded with from ten to fifteen tons of freshly-sawn lumber—boards and joints. This mass is drawn by six or eight mules or horses, guided by reins and a prodigiously long whip. The first wagon has a powerful brake, worked by a long iron lever by the driver upon his seat. The driver is a man of nerve and courage. His skill must be of the highest order. It will not do for him to take fright even if in imminent danger, and he must know to a hair's breadth where he can go and where he cannot. Towering up far above the road, overlooking the most stupendous depths, and guiding with a few slender lines a tremendous force, he must needs be an adept, and a tireless one. But a beholder—ignorant of the danger that constantly surrounds him—would say that his work was simple, and that he managed matters with ease. True, he seems to. With his broad-brimmed hat shading his sun-burnt face, his sinewy hands holding the reins with carelessness, his legs outstretched, with one foot feeling the all-important brake, he jogs onward with his monster charge without trouble or concern; the bells upon the horses' breasts jingle a little tune; the great wheels crush the stones in the path; the load creaks like a ship's hull in a sudden gust; wild birds sweep down into hazy, sunny depths below; yet the driver seems to take no heed. But let a "scare" take place: let a herd of runaway cattle appear at a bend and set the horses wild, and then see what will happen. The day-dreamer will become a giant of strength; he is up in a flash; he shortens his hold upon the reins, and feeling his wagon start up beneath him, places a foot of iron on the brake. The horses snort and rear and surge; the harnesses rattle, the dust arises, the load shrieks again, and the huge wheels turn fatally faster and faster. An instant may hurl the wagon down into the valley with its struggling train—a mad rush to the other side of the way may end all in one horrible plunge. Muscle, eye, brain and skill are then brought to work so splendidly together that the peril is averted, and the looker-on, who knows not the way of the land, regards the teamster with profound respect thereafter.—*San Francisco Argus.*

—A great many boys and girls fall desperately in love with each other, and rave over disappointed hopes before they are old enough to tell the difference between the heartache and the colic. Very few such cases prove fatal.—Steubenville Herald.

NOW OUR DARLING'S READY.

Put away the curling irons
Lately used by darling Claire,
For she nevermore will need them:
She has banged her golden hair.

Place the frizzes in the bureau,
Where her eyes may on them fall
As she dives around the bedroom
Getting ready for the ball.

Set her tooth-brush in the tumbler,
Hang her stockings on the chair,
So that when her young man cometh
She will not be in despair.

Don't forget the zebra garters
That go with her silken hose,
And get out a perfumed rag
For her to blow her tiny nose.

Now our darling's fairly ready;
Soon she'll face the wintry breeze;
And her younger brother murmurs,
"Oh, my! Ain't she just the cheese!"

The Power of Sympathy.

ONCE I knew a working man, a potter by business, who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of the "wee lad," as he called him, a flower or a bit of ribbon, a fragment, of crimson glass, indeed anything that would lie out on the white counterpane, and give a color in the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental Scotchman; but never went he home without some toy or trinket, showing he had remembered the wan face that lit up so when he came in. I presume he never said to a living soul that he loved that sick boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him. And by-and-by he moved that whole shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and teacups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down the sides before they stuck them in corners of the kiln at burning-time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another some engravings in a rude scrap-book. Not one of them all whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; so he understand all about it. And I tell you seriously, that entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse fiber by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some of the ungoverned ones stopped swearing, as the weary look on their patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond any mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing near. Every day now somebody did a piece of his work for him, and put it up on the sanded plank to dry; thus he could come later and go earlier. So, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the door of the lowly house, right around the corner, out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart working-men from the pottery with their clean clothes, most of whom gave a half day of time for the privilege of taking off their hats to the simple procession, filing in behind it, and following across the village green to its grave that small burden of a child, which probably not one of them had ever seen with his own eyes.—*C. S. Robinson, D. D., in S. S. Times.*

The Chances in a Lottery.

There are literally millions of people who believe that they can win lottery prizes by persisting in buying lottery tickets. Let us inquire what chance the holder of a lottery ticket has of drawing the capital prize, which everybody knows is the only one worth drawing, since no one would care to risk a dollar for the sake of drawing a one or two dollar prize. If we suppose that in an average lottery scheme one hundred thousand tickets are issued—as is said to be the case in most of the great lotteries—then the ticket-holder's chance of drawing the thirty-thousand-dollar prize is just one in ninety-nine. This infinitesimal chance is, however, made much slighter by the further complication to which the lottery is subjected. There is the chance that the managers of the lottery are honest men and will make a fair drawing. When it is remembered that the business is one which the laws of nearly every civilized community condemn, and which every moralist concedes to be criminal and debasing, the chance that upright and honest men are concerned in such a business would probably be overestimated were we to call it one in a million. Then there is the chance that if any given ticket draws a prize, the prize will be paid. It is true that this depends upon the honesty of the managers; but, as a prize might be paid in certain cases even by dishonest managers, it is a distinct contingency, and one which we may assume to occur about once in every one hundred thousand cases. Now, if we combine these three elements of chance, which are inseparable from every lottery, and strive to arrive, in accordance with the doctrine of chances, at the precise value of the ticket-holder's chance, we shall find that it is virtually inappreciable. The figures expressing the chances against his drawing a prize stretch out to an enormous length. As a sober matter of fact, the man who buys a ticket for the next drawing of any one of the several lotteries advertised in certain of our daily papers has a much greater chance of being falsely convicted and hanged for murder than he has of drawing $30,000 and actually receiving it. It is idle to say that some have drawn and received lottery prizes. Some men have also been wrongfully accused of murder and died on the gallows. The respectable citizen does not imagine that these is any possibility of his undergoing the latter fate, but he is sometimes firmly convinced that he has an excellent chance of making a fortune in a lottery.

That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

Everything good in man leans on something higher.

Good temper is like a sunny day, shedding brightness on everything.

The veil which covers the hand of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy.

The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision.—Junius.

Conscience is the voice of the soul: the passions are the voice of the body.—J. J. Rousseau.

Flattery is a false coin which has circulation only through our vanity.—La Rochefoucauld.

Manner is one of the greatest engines of influence ever given to man.—Sunday Afternoon.

The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better, and the longest life is short if it does not.—Colton.

The highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance.—Sir William Hamilton.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.—Johnson.

One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated.

When gratitude has become a matter of reasoning, there are many ways of escape from its bonds.

People glorify all sorts of bravery except the bravery they might bestow in behalf of their neighbors.

Cheerfulness makes the mind clearer, gives tone to the thoughts, and adds grace and beauty to the countenance.

Misunderstandings are frequently the cause of numberless discussions that often could be rectified with kindness.

Every man's work, pursued steadily, tends to become an end of itself, and so to bridge over the loveless chasms of his life.

Man's vital energies are sustained and developed by present work; they cannot be nourished with draughts on the future.

Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who had never overcomes that one.

A wife's constant effort to make home attractive often has more to do with the husband's habits than anything else.

Love never reasons, but profusely gives; gives, like a thoughtless prodigal, its all, and trembles, then, lest it has done too little.

I know, against all appearances, that the universe can receive no detriment, that there is a remedy for every wrong, and a satisfaction for every soul.—Emerson.

The hardest working men and women are those who do the working and planning; and they are few, for most people consider second-hand goods the cheapest.

Without earnestness no man is ever great, or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men; he may be brilliant, entertaining, and popular; but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not in it the depth of a shadow.—Peter Bayne.

A great man is affable in his conversation, generous in his temper, and immovable in what he has naturally resolved upon. And, as prosperity does not make him haughty and imperious, so neither does adversity sink him into meanness and dejection; for if ever he shows more spirit than ordinary, it is when he is ill used and the world is frowning upon him. In short, he is equally removed from the extremes of servility and pride, and scorns either to trample on a worm or cringe to an emperor.

Every man has some unfortunate weakness that may betray him into sin. Achilles was not invulnerable. His one weak spot was his heel, in which he was more fortunate than many others, whose troubles generally spring from the softening of the head or a hardening of the heart. Thro was not strong, save when he put on his girdle; and Rousseau said: "Strong Samson was not as strong as Delilah." Do not, therefore, regard yourself as impregnable, my brother. There is a fatal flaw somewhere in your character, and unless you recognize it you may yield to the stress of temptation and fall as did the Jewish patriotic hero.—Lorimer.

It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault. It is easy to say that nobody is honest. It is easy to say that the church is to blame for it. It is easy to say that the church would be all right if the minister would preach and do what he ought. But it isn't easy to look on the right side, to see that there are hundreds of faithful preachers, thousands of honest, sincere men and women, countless acts of justice, charity and humanity which outweigh all grumbling and grumblers, so that it is really only the finest dust in the balance. Let us now be fair and cheerful. The world is not all wrong. Everybody isn't a rascal. Our neighbors are not trying to cheat us. The church is doing a good work for the world, and even the growlers are not half as disagreeable as they seem.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 5, 1880.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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We are continually hearing the average graduate of a deaf-mute Institution complain of "hard times." Now this blaming the state of the market for their lack of employment is often no excuse whatever. We look around us, and on all sides we see people busily engaged in their respective callings. We naturally ask ourselves why these people are not idle also. Deaf-mutes will tell us that they can hear and speak, and consequently are far more likely to obtain employment than those who are bereft of both these senses. Granted; but is there not some other reason? We are afraid that deaf-mutes are, in many cases, in the habit of waiting, Micawber like, for something to turn up. The way to obtain plenty of work which generally means a fair amount of money, is to be superior at some particular trade or calling, and the way to be superior is to study hard and work with an eye only to excellence. The nut must be cracked to get at the kernel. In nearly all of our institutions, trades of different kinds are taught—though, we regret to say, seldom with desirable thoroughness—so that the deaf-mute man of the future cannot say that he has had no opportunity for becoming an adept in any particular business. To the boy at school we would say: Make yourself master of some trade, don't half learn it, but learn it thoroughly and well, and in the not far distant future, when you go forth to battle with the world, you will be able to hold your own. Remember that the world outside of home and Institutions is hard and cold, and you need not expect sympathy there, but must be content with mere justice and consider yourself lucky if you get even that. To those who have already launched forth into the great world of trade, our advice is to keep on doing the best you can; be energetic and persevering, and don't be afraid people will not appreciate you properly; if you are smart the world will find it out, merit in the end is sure to be recognized.

If any of those who read this article happen to personify either of the conditions herein mentioned, will only follow the advice above given, we are confident that they will very seldom find it necessary to complain of "hard times."

Schools for deaf-mute children should, more than any other, be furnished with every possible educational advantage. No branch of our educational system requires more patience, or taxes the inventive faculties of the teacher more than that of instructing deaf-mutes, and without the favorable coöperation of surrounding influences, it is evident that this class of children will make but tardy intellectual progress. "We send our boys to the school-master, but the schoolboys educate them," says Emerson, recognizing the fact that very much of the good coming from school life is the result of contact with other minds. A boy who meets daily with others better than himself has a constant incentive to work, and is constantly absorbing practical knowledge from others. The school that brings together students of various talents from different parts of the country is of superior worth as an educator. A school should be chosen not for the price it costs to attend it, but for the students and teachers that assemble there. Of course, in deaf-mute education there are but few schools to choose from, yet parents in sending their children to be instructed should always consider with whom they will be associated, and by whom they will be taught. If then, children at school learn most from association with those pupils who are superior in knowledge, it would seem that the relations of teacher to pupil should have in it a kind of sympathetic congenialty in order to impress by the power of example.

The deaf teacher of the deaf comes the nearest, in general, to fulfilling this condition. He has threaded the labyrinth of deaf-mute education and is consequently fitted to guide others along the path which he himself has trod. Deaf-mutes look up to him, and respect him as one who was at one time like themselves, but by application and diligence had risen superior to his fellows. They copy his ways, and imitate him, while they always have before them an example of the reward of education which acts as a stimulant to their ambition.

No doubt many who read this article will criticise our leaning towards those who cannot hear. We admit it. The JOURNAL is their paper, and is intended to help them on every possible occasion. We will always champion their cause in every just and honest way.

We are constantly reading articles in which the superior advantages of those who hear as educators of the deaf and dumb are shown forth in all their glittering glory, while the deaf teacher modestly stands in the background and does his duty without receiving a single word of encouraging comment.

If the reading of this article will give such any satisfaction, we have accomplished all that we intended.

We have been asked by different parties to publish the address of George Homer, of Boston, in order that they might send their money votes for the location of the proposed National Convention. As Mr. Homer has made no objection to acting in the capacity of treasurer *pro tem.*, we herewith give the desired information. George Homer, 27 Appleton St., Boston, Mass. We will gladly print any names sent to us by Mr. Homer.

Another deaf-mute paper, the coming of which we heralded in our last issue, has appeared. It is called the Deaf-Mute *Itemizer*, and in appearance resembles the little paper published at the Minnesota Institution about four years ago called the *Gopher*. It is published by Collins C Colby, who is a compositor on the Flint Globe. We wish the *Itemizer* success

NOTICES.

On Ash-Wednesday, February 11th, there will be services at 6:30 and 10:30 A. M., 4 and 7:30 P. M., with interpretations in signs for deaf-mutes, in St. Ann's Church, New York.

On Sunday, February 8th, at three o'clock P. M., there will be a service for deaf-mutes in the chapel of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

The *Tablet* reports an increase of job work in that office.

The new chapel at the Alabama Institution will be completed in the spring.

The officers and teachers of the Kansas Institution receive their pay in gold coin.

Mr. James Russell made a short call at the New York Institution on Monday last.

Mr. Stephen Sinclair is employed on the poultry farm of Messrs. Haight and Newell, in Goshen, N. Y.

The JOURNAL office was honored with a visit from Mr. Charles V. Sass, of the New York *Evening Express*, on Monday, February 2d.

One after another the Institutions for the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb give their verdict that these new "phones" are of very little use.

F. Doenges, who is a house painter by trade has removed from Hoboken, N. J., to Mt. Vernon, N. Y. He says he is very fond of reading the JOURNAL.

Mr. Henry Harrington will move from Middlesex Village to Chelmsford, Mass., on the first of February. He intends making Chelmsford his permanent home.

Mr. Jesse K. T. Hoagland, of Covington, Ky., belongs to a family in which his sisters and "his cousins and his aunts," etc., number thirty-two deaf-mutes.—*Letter.*

The old friends of Miss Melinda Stevenson, of South Newburgh, Maine, will be rejoided to hear that she has changed her name to Mrs. Melinda Brown. The event occurred last November.

The bindery at the Kentucky Institution has been receiving hard treatment at the hands of roughs, who have been filling it with stones by way of the windows. Glazing would be a useful addition to the list of trades at that Institution.

There are only five compositors employed in the office of the Kansas *Star*. The *Star* contains a good deal of reading matter, and the setting of it up speaks well for the typographical aptitude of its "comps."

There are twenty-four pupils employed in the printing office of the New York Institution, most of whom are members of the high class, though a few small boys are connected with the articulation class.

Mr. R. D. Livingstone went to Leadville on the 25th of January, and stopped at the Clarendon Hotel while there. He returned to Denver on January 28th, where he met Mr. James Cary, late a student of the National Deaf-Mute College.

The wife of the late Thomas McMillen is still living in East Galway, but contemplates moving to Paris Hill, Onedia Co., N. Y., where she will reside with her parents. She is a cousin of Mr. Hiram L. Ball, of Mexico, N. Y.

Prof. Brown, of the Michigan Institution, does not take much stock in the Audiphone. He says his wife's dust-pan is of full as much value. Perhaps the Professor has felt more vibratory shocks from the dust-pan or one of its auxiliaries.

A correspondent from Columbus wants to know why the deaf-mutes of New York do not organize a base ball club. "Columbus had a mute club last season. Would it not be nice for mute clubs to contest for the championship along with other clubs?"

The Sunday School for deaf-mutes of Louisville, Ky., which has been closed since last September, was opened again by Miss Maggie Fella last Sunday. All the mutes were on hand. Pastors of different churches will continue to favor them at times with their presence.

Mr. Jas. W. McAlexander writes to be put down as favoring Cincinnati for the location of the First National Convention. He informs us that his father will reside in Texas in the fall. Mr. McAlexander will live in the future between Mt. Pleasant and Hudsonville, Miss.

At the Annual Meeting of the Lowell Silent Society held at their rooms Jan. 14th, 1880, for the choice of officers, chosen General Manager J. N. Soper, and Executive Committee of two Howard Mayberry and Joseph W. Soper. The doings of the Society were reported very well.

Special services in the interests of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes were held in Trinity Church, Staunton, Va., Sunday evening, Jan. 18th, Winchester, Va., Wednesday evening, Jan. 21st, and in Zion Church, Charleston, West Va., Thursday evening, Jan. 22d, by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Turner.

Some learned subscriber wrote an article in the JOURNAL saying the High Class girls of the New York Institution could not keep a secret. Can he? [Apprehending that the girls have another secret on their minds that they wish to get rid of, the individual referred to authorizes us to say that he *can*.—ED.]

Charles O'Brien of Charleston, Md., informs us that he has purchased a dentaphone. He sends us two new subscribers. Mr. O'Brien is like the model subscriber Will Carleton tells about, who renews his subscription and gives a few local items at the same time. Charles, we are obliged to you.

A Subscriber writes:—I believe most of the voters are not going to attend the National Convention next summer. Well Editor, if you are going, would like to have you collect the names of those who are present at the Convention and then publish them in your JOURNAL, to see how many were there.

Mr. Jesse L. Bunker is a son of the late famous Siamese twins of Mountairy, N. C. He was a pupil of the N. Y. Institution, and graduated last year. He and his brother who can hear have been hunting in the State of Tennessee. They have recently returned to their home. Mr. Jesse L. Bunker sends his regards to all his schoolmates through his letter to Mr. J. B. Herman.

A sad history was that of Kate Friedall, of Lawrence (Rockaway) who died Jan. 8. When a small child, her mother slapped her on the side of the head, and Kate was ever after both deaf and dumb. Her brother and sister, by great self-denial, saved enough money to send Kate to school, where she acquired a good education in the deaf and dumb language. She led an exemplary christian life and was highly respected by all who knew her. She was about 30 or 32 years old, and was educated at Fanwood.

In reply to an inquiry as to the proceeds of the Cincinnati picnic, the subscribers may rest assured that the chairman of the committee, having in charge the details of the picnic, has the funds in his possession unless they are all used up in other ways. The fact is that the money collected amounted to some seven hundred dollars, and was to have been contributed to the relief of poor mute children as shown on the tickets of admission. The chairman has not yet made a statement of the proceeds of the previous picnic, which occurred two summers ago, and still further, declines to make those of the late picnic known as he should have done.

On Friday evening, Jan. 23d, the deaf-mutes of Baltimore were invited by Mr. James S. Wells to a meeting in the Institution for the Colored Blind and Deaf-mutes, Saratoga Street. Addresses were made by Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Turner. Before the meeting adjourned, Dr. Gallaudet was obliged to leave in order to take one of the steamboats of the Bay Line to Norfolk. Mr. Turner staid in Baltimore over Sunday, and conducted the afternoon service for deaf-mutes. On Sunday night, Dr. G. interpreted the service in Christ Church, Norfolk, Va.

The Indianapolis *Journal* gives the objections to F. C. Johnson whom the President nominated for one of the census supervisors in Indiana, and whose name he has withdrawn. It says that Johnson, who is a Democrat, "lobbied a bill through the General Assembly legislating the old trustees of the Deaf and Dumb Institute out of office, and secured from Governor Williams the appointment for himself. Then, in violation of the statute, and over the protest of the president of the board, who was himself a Democrat, and in pursuance of a trade, he had the old competent superintendent removed and a man appointed who knew nothing of the sign language, and who had never been inside of an institution of the kind in his life until appointed by this man to the office."

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

St. Louis, Mo.,	February	1st.
Chicago, Ill.,	"	2nd.
Cleveland, O.,	"	8th.
"	"	11th.
Marion, O.,	"	12th.
Dayton, O,	"	13th.
Cincinnati, O.,	"	15th.
Run out to Toledo.	"	18th.
Columbus, O.,	"	22nd.
Cleveland, "	"	29th.
Toledo, O.,	March	5th.
Detroit, Mich.,	"	7th.
Flint, "	"	8th.
Jackson, "	"	9th.
Chicago, Ill.,	"	14th.
Rockford, Ill.,	"	15th.
Waukegan, Ill.,	"	16th.
Plymouth, Ind.,	"	18th.
Cleveland, O.,	"	21st.
"	"	25th.
St. Louis, Mo.,	"	28th.
Indianapolis, Ind.,	April	4th.
Muncie, "	"	5th.

Other appointments will be made later on.

A. W. MANN.

24 William Street, Cleveland, Ohio, January 23, 1880.

The Cruel Murder.

ARREST OF A TRAMP WHO PRETENDED TO BE DEAF AND DUMB—INTERVIEW WITH THE PRISONER—HE TELLS CONFLICTING STORIES.

[*From the Boston Herald.*]

GROTON, MASS., Jan 19.—Public excitement ran high here to-day when the horrible details were learned of the murder of Mrs. Maria L. Cruel, on Saturday afternoon, at her residence near this place. The Selectmen offered a reward of $200 for the arrest of the perpetrator of the deed, and employed the service of a Boston detective. As soon as the chief of ponce, Samuel Reed of Ayer Junction, learned of the murder, about midnight Saturday, he set to discover the criminal, and has had only two hours' sleep since. This afternoon the following telegram was received from West Boylston by the Selectmen of Ayer:

Have arrested a man on suspicion of murder. Send some one to identify him. A. HARPER.

Chief of Police Reed and Selectman George D. Bancroft of Ayer, accompanied by a *Herald* reporter, went to West Boylston and met Policeman Harper, who informed that a young man having a suspicious appearance had arrived in the village that forenoon, and circulated among the people, pretending to be deaf and dumb, a paper soliciting funds from them. The paper was as follows, and on it were some twenty-five names.

STERLING, MASS., Saturday, Jan. 17.

The bearer, having been sick and out of employment fully eleven months in Sterling, is without the means, but is desirous of getting to his home and friends in Erie. His sickness, diphtheria, has been of such a nature as to deprive him of the use of both voice and hearing, and any sum, no matter how small it is, that you may give him, will be thankfully received. His case is worthy of your attention. I have known him personally for over four years as an honest, upright, Christian young man, and cheerfully sign my name to aid him. Respectfully yours,

E. L. WALLIS.

On the other side was a similar recommendation, stating that the bearer, Mr. Barton, is a member in good standing in the Methodist Church, in this town, and signed "Rev. R. C. Manning, Sterling, Mass." The alleged signers to the above recommendations were put down as subscribers for $1 each. On the outside of the letter-sheet of paper on which this was written was a spot which looked like blood, and, after his arrest, the prisoner attempted to destroy the paper by chewing it, but the officer took it from him. After his arrest, when questioned, he acknowledged to the West Boylston officer, in the lock-up, that the paper was a fraud, that he wrote it himself, and that he was out of work, so he thought this would be a good way to get a living. During the afternoon the prisoner told a number of conflicting stories. When arrested he was walking on the Worcester & Nashua Railroad track, going toward Worcester, at a point some three miles from West Boylston. On his person were found two handkerchiefs, one of which it is known he stole from a West Boylston lady, her name being upon it. This evening the officers and the *Herald* man visited the prisoner in his cell. Chief of Police Reed, holding the lamp in his right hand, and steadily looking the prisoner in the face, said, "Well, you have a good-looking eye," and at once commenced a sharp series of questions to the young and well-dressed man before him, who appeared ready to meet them all. The prisoner referred to the terrible crime he was suspected of, and dwelt on its enormity, protesting his innocence in the stoutest manner. He told Mr. Reed that he was a canvasser for silver polish, and that he never was in Groton but once, which was some years ago. On examining his person, Mr. Reed looked at the clean white-bosom shirt the prisoner wore, and on it, plainly marked, appeared the word "Elliot." "That," said he, "is my middle name; my full name being George Elliot Dodge." He afterward said his father lived in Salem and was baggage master on the Eastern Railroad, and that he could be addressed there or No. 8 Margin street. He said he boarded in Worcester at No. 37 Portland street, with Mrs. Barber, and that he was 29 years of age. When speaking of the crime of which he was suspected during the half-hour's interview, the young man manifested much emotion, his voice trembling, and tears coming to his eyes. Chief Reed said to him: "Well, I think you are the man I want," and asked him if he had any objections to going to Ayer with him to-night. He said "No," but asked earnestly to be protected when he arrived there. Dodge had the appearance in his cell of being a guilty man, but, whether he committed the offence with which he is charged or not remains to be seen. He was well dressed and his clothing was clean. He acknowledged that he got his hair cut in a colored barber's shop in Worcester on the day of the murder. When most affected, he exclaimed that he was innocent of blood and little thought that he should ever be placed in such a spot as this. During the sharp cross-examination by Reed, the young prisoner grew quite nervous, and, when asked why he was so, said it was owing to the cell being cold, which was not the trouble, as the apartment was quite warm. Dodge was taken to Ayer Junction and confined in the lockup. He will probably be brought before Judge Wallace in the District Court at Ayer soon, although the time is not fixed.

We are apt to consider an act wrong because it is unpleasant to us.

To succeed, one must sometimes be very bold, and sometimes very prudent.

DEAF MUTES.

AN INDIGNATION MEETING.

From the Chicago Tribune.

A largely-attended meeting of deaf-mutes residing in Chicago was held in Farwell Hall last night to discuss what action should be taken in regard to an alleged Deaf-Mute Christian Association recently started in this city, which employs collecting-agents to solicit subscriptions from the public in the name of all the deaf-mutes of Chicago.

There were present Messrs. D. Webster George, P. A. Emery, James E. Gallagher, G. A. Christenson, William Sullivan, William Gibney, James Gibney, Robert Elliott, Samuel Norris, Nicholas Zimmermann, and many others. The manner of organizing and conducting the business of this Association was thoroughly discussed, and conclusively proved to have a decidedly crooked aspect. The following resolutions were adopted by a rousing majority:

Resolved, That the Association known as the "Chicago Deaf-Mute Christian Association," and managed by E. N. Bowes, who resides in Michigan City, Ind., was organized and put in operation without the consent or approval of the great majority of the mutes residing in Chicago.

Resolved, That the great majority of respectable mutes in Chicago will have nothing whatever to do with this Association.

Resolved, That this Association is not managed in accordance with its professed object, and that it is an imposition upon the public.

Resolved, That the public be warned to withhold further financial contributions through its collecting agents.

THE OTHER SIDE.

ROOM 2, 179 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, Jan 29.—*To the Public*: The resolutions which were adopted tonight at a meeting of deaf-mutes in Farwell Hall against the Chicago Deaf-Mute Christian Association are abusive, injudicious, and malicious. We have much confidence in Mr. Bowes' integrity, and recommend him to the whole world.

JOHN R. COTTON, President.
F. W. ANDREWS, Secretary.

The Chicago *Times* says:—The deaf-mutes in this city have become involved in contention among themselves. One side was represented by D. Webster George, P. A. Emery, G. A. Christenson, and a dozen others, at a meeting held last evening in the Bible-work room at Lower Farwell hall. Resolutions were adopted warning the public against an organization known as the Chicago Deaf-Mute Christian Association, managed by E. N. Bowes, of Michigan City. Later in the evening a delegation of deaf mutes, members of the association in question, called at the *Times* office, and explained that the resolutions passed by the opposition deaf-mutes were abusive and malicious, and had their origin in envy and jealousy.

A NEW GAME.

Erie young ladies are prolific in their invention of amusements, but their latest scheme caps the sheaf. It was demonstrated to a guileless *Dispatch* reporter the other evening under the name of the "Tape Game," and is a very fascinating and very nice game It takes a young lady, a young gentleman, and a yard of tape to play it. She must be pretty and he must be innocent of a berry breath. The tape must be tied into a knot in the middle, and he and she must place either end in their mouths. Then the one who can chew up to the knot first wins the game. If the young lady be very modest she will chew rapidly in order to avoid so dreadful a catastrophe as having her lips meet his, as he ninety-nine times out of a hundred, will be rude enough to chew up just exactly as much tape as she and thereby contrive a collision at the knotty point. If she be a chewer of gum and he a chewer of tobacco, the contest is not considered of the amateur order and the spectators get worked up to the highest pitch of excitement, sometimes the contest results in a tie and the players have to try it over again. Then when the tie can't be settled the lights are blown out, the tape laid aside, and the game decided with lesser effort.—*Erie Dispatch.*

You have no idea what fun it is till you try it.

I would like this piece to be inserted in the JOURNAL to let the readers try and play it.

EFFIE.

Knowledge is more than equivalent to force.

To openly offend virtue is to clandestinely defend immorality.

Convenience is best served when conscience is the most effectually stifled.

Youth nimbly runs neck-and-neck with Folly, but both are outdistanced by Experience.

Let no man presume to give advice to others that has not first given good counsel to himself.

Many persons miss their vocations in life because their bodies do not happen to fit their souls.

Anticipation is only a merry mask under which grins the ghastly death's head of participation.

The man who can successfully hoodwink himself is not to be trusted. He requires watching.

He who cannot pity himself is unlikely to feel his heart bleed for those who need compassion.

General News.

The departure of Chinese from San Francisco is said to exceed the arrivals.

An armless boy, otherwise well formed, was born in Kalamazoo, Mich., on Sunday, Jan. 25th.

The U. S. Senate confirmed Ministers Lowell to Great Britain, Foster to Russia, Fairchild to Spain, Phillips to Mexico.

A Valparaiso (Chili) dispatch says: Three hundred lives were lost during the revolution in Lima when Pierola became dictator.

Charles Demond is now on trial in Boston on the charge of embezzling about $55,000 of the funds of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society.

A Constantinople dispatch asserts that terrible distress prevails in Adrianople. Fifteen persons were found dead from hunger in one day. In some cases pieces of wood were found in the mouths of corpses.

When Parnell visited Lynn on Jan. 23d, he was taken through the shoe shops by the mayor, and a pair of shoes were made for him. The Mayor himself, once a shoemaker, finished them up.

To give an idea of the ravages of diphtheria in Southern Russia, it may be mentioned that in one province of Pultave about 7,000 persons have died of the disease in each of the last three years.

The total quantity of barley imported from Canada into the United States in 1879 was 6,283,765 bushels against 4,939,351 bushels in 1878. Of the total imports in 1878, Oswego, received 61 per cent.

The estimated expenses in the Hayden trial will reach $30,000. The jurors received over $200 apiece. He has since been admitted to bail in $5,000, at New Haven, Conn., Monday. His counsel and L. M. Hubbard are sureties.

Cove Bennett and Jennie Smith, who were sentenced to be hung for the murder of the latter's husband, were at the conclusion of the second trial, on Saturday, January 31st, found not guilty and acquitted. The jury were unanimous on the first ballot.

A New Orleans dispatch says the Steamboat Charmer, with 2,100 bales of cotton, was burned fifteen miles above the Red River. Eight lives were lost, viz: two chambermaids, two cooks, two cabin boys, one fireman and one deckhand. Boat and cargo were valued at $130,000.

The Howard University of Washington has filed with Mayor Cooper a paper claiming to be entitled to five million acres of land in Texas under the will of John Woodward, who died thirty years ago. The will sought to dispose of property for the advancement and improvement of the black race, and in a certain event authorized the Mayor of New York to select a medium through which the result was to be effected.

Another vast railroad combination has been completed which consisted in the purchase of the New Orleans, St. Louis & Chicago Railroad and its branches by the Illinois Central Railroad Company. The consolidated road will have a mileage of over 1,700 miles, forming a strong rival to the new Louisville & Nashville combination for through southern business.

The consolidation of the Union Pacific, Kansas Pacific and Denver Pacific Railroads was accomplished at New York on Saturday afternoon, and the new consolidated company will be known as the Union Pacific Railway Company. The plan of the consolidation is the exchange of the stock of the three roads for that of the new company dollar for dollar at par. The bonds of the roads will remain as at present, and will be lines on the several divisions as originally placed. Jay Gould has resigned from the directorship of the Union Pacific railroad in order to be chosen director of the new consolidated Union Pacific.

Charles Hardin was hanged at Delaware, St. Francis Co., Mo., on Friday, for murdering Robt. Ferguson, last October. Hardin made a long appeal, in which he asked that God might guide our steps, and said he was thankful he had the heart to forgive, and hope to be crowned at his maker's right hand. He then spoke nearly an hour to the crowd, admitting his guilt. Five thousand people witnessed the execution. The wife of the murdered man also viewed the scene with evident satisfaction. Hardin and Ferguson were traveling in the night, and while Ferguson had his little son in his arms, Hardin killed him with an ax, robbed the body, took his son and a team and started for Kentucky, where he was captured.

A Los Pinos dispatch of the 18th says: Chief Douglass came to Chief Sharan's on the 14th inst., two miles below the agency, and sent him to the office for rations. Major Sherman, in charge, refused the request, and on Saturday Douglass came to the agency and renewed his demand in person, which created much dissatisfaction among both the Uncompaghre and White River Utes. There is much uneasiness among the Indians with regard to the pending negotiations at Washington. Designing parties have circulated a report that as soon as Ouray returns the Utes must go. The citizens of Ouray have taken a decided stand against the parties who commenced the erection of buildings on the reservation and obtained a warrant for the person known to have furnished whisky to the Indians.

HUMOR.

TROUSERS obtained on credit are breeches of trust.

THE centre of gravity—the lowest button on a Quaker's vest.

WHEN a young man gets the impression that he's as handsome as a picture, isn't it about time to take him down?

WHY is the whale who swallowed Jonah like a return milkman? Because he got a profit (prophet) out of the water.

"ARE you guilty or not guilty?" said a judge to Terry. "Arrah, and what are ye put there for but to find out," was the reply.

"That's what beats me," as the boy said when he saw his father take the skate-strap from its accustomed nail. *Burlington Hawkeye.*

The woman who has not time to mend her children's stockings is working night and day on a patchwork quilt for the next fair.

A child being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly and not unnaturally replied, "Breakfast, dinner, and supper."

Among the prominent benevolent objects of the day, we perceive the call for the formation of a society for the amelioration of the condition of women with crying husbands.

A little city youngster went into the country and was treated to a bowl of bread and milk. After he finished it he said, "I wish our milkman in the city would keep a cow.

Definition of the gout by Dumas: "Put your toe in a vice and squeeze it till you can no longer endure the torture. Then give the handle one turn more and that is the gout."

A Rogue asked charity, on pretence of being dumb. A lady having asked him, with equal simplicity and humanity, how long he had been dumb, he was thrown off his guard, and answered, "Five years, madam."

A Milwaukee man made three unsuccessful attempts to blow his brains out, and then his wife told him, "Don't try it again, John; you haven't got any." He goes about now saying he owes his life to that woman.

"So," said a lady recently to a merchant, "your pretty daughter has married a rich husband?" "well," slowly replied the father, "I believe she has married a rich man, but I understand he is a very poor husband."

An old woman in Bridgeport, who has pasted nearly five thousand medical recipes in a book during the past forty years, has never been sick a day in her life, and she is growing discouraged. Some people are born to illluck, she says.

A gentleman, popping his head through a tailor's shop window, exclaimed—"What o'clock is it by your lapboard?"—upon which the tailor lifted up his lapboard and struck him a blow on the head, answering, "It has just *struck one.*"

Appearances are deceiving. We know of girls that look as angelic, delicate, and modest as a dew-drop on a rosebud, who, when they get sweetly settled in the arms of Morpheus, will snore with an energy that will shake the button on the outside cellar-door.

The Syracuse *Times*, in reply to a correspondent who wants to know what to dowith a hark corn, says: "Take it off and let the blacksmith pound it on his anvil for half an hour. Success will be complete. It is somewhat expensive, but it never fails to soften the corn.

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says that "It is better to speak paragorically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him." The old lady also says her minister preached about "the parody of the probable son."

"Sympathy," says John Paul, "is something which I never withhold from those in trouble, whether they happen to be friends or not; there's nothing mean about me. I find, too, that one can go around shedding sympathy on all sides for weeks at a time without spending a cent, or being at much personal inconvenience.

A confident Millerite, meeting Theodore Parker, as he was leaving Emerson's house, said to him, "Friend, do you know that the world is coming to an end in a week?" Parker replied, "Oh, that don't concern me; I live in Boston." Passing on, he saw Emerson, and asked the same question, Emerson's answer was, "Well, let it come to an end; we can get along full as well without it."

No true lady will bounce out of the room and slam the door after her when asked to forego her new silk dress for a few days and let her husband settle an old cigar bill.—Detroit Free Press. And no true man, simply because he edits a paper, will rush into print with his family troubles.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

At a shoemaker's ball in Philadelphia, a reporter says that "feet of every size, from a fine taper in white kid to pudding-shaped pedals in full skin, welted the wax on the floor in harmony with the music. They waxed warm and pegged away until late next morning. It was a wholesouled affair throughout."

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

"COLUMBUS."

EXAMINATIONS—HOW CONDUCTED AT THE OHIO INSTITUTION—EXHIBITION BEFORE OHIO INFIRMARY OFFICIALS—RUN OVER BY THE CARS—BASE BALL NOTES—NEW PAPER FOR MUTES—PERSONAL, ETC.

The first term of twenty weeks of the present school year terminated Tuesday evening last. Upon Wednesday morning, after devotional exercises, the Superintendent spoke of the results aacomplished by the several departments into which the school is divided, and congratulated the pupils upon the progress they had made in their studies during the past term, as shown by their examination papers. Those who by their disinclination had failed to come up to the required standard or receive marks as high as they wished, the Superintendent hoped would put fourth renewed efforts and at the next examination come out ahead. The promotions, and there were many, from one class to another, were then announced, and as a matter of course, there were two kinds of faces. It could not be otherwise. Those who were fortunate enough to be advanced, were in the best of spirits, while those who failed were not in a condition to feel lively.

The examinations began on the 14th inst., with the 16th primary class, the youngest in length at school. An average of two classes a day were reviewed in the studies gone over during the term and judgment rendered according to the proficiency shown by each pupil. The examining Committee of each class were made up of three teachers and the Superintendent. No two Committees were alike. The examinations were conducted in the chapel, which, by the way, is a very convenient place for such exercises. The seven lower classes of the Primary Department, or those whose rooms are on the ground floor of the school building, wrote the answers to the questions given them on the slates back of the stage, all others on paper; the questions only being written on the slates except where extracts from readers were given to be translated from pantomime into language.

At the examinations here, no teacher has a choice in the selection of questions for his class, all he can do is to indicate to the Committee what text-books and how far his scholars have studied them during the term. Thus there can be no question raised as to the unfairness of the examination. The results of the examination was announced the morning following in the chapel before the whole school, by the Superintendent writing on the slates, first the highest and lowest marks obtained by each class and then the number of each separate percentage. This done, the classes were called up to the platform and each pupil received his grade on a slip of paper.

Last week a Convention of State Infirmary officials was held in this city, and upon Wednesday evening they were entertained at the Institution with an exhibition which they seemed heartily to enjoy, probably because they had never before seen any thing like it. The "Miner," given last Christmas, though somewhat improved, May-pole dance, Music (vocal and instrumental), and the Lord's Prayer in pantomime by Miss Wooley, made up the bill of entertainment. The next day they made a tour of inspection of the Institution.

A. P. Jaquays, a former pupil of the Institution, the fore part of this week, near Cleveland, imagined it would be perfectly safe for him to walk along the railroad track before a locomotive. Result:—a horribly mangled body

The Independent (Mute) Base Ball Club is to be reorganized for the season of 1880. So says a paper given to base ball news.

By the way, in case the National Deaf-Mute Convention is held in Cincinnati the coming year, it would be a capital thing for some of the Institution clubs who boast of superior skill in handling the bat and ball, to come on and make good their assertions. The Independents will willingly meet any of them if desired. A few games of base ball between deaf-mute clubs would no doubt be interesting to witness by members of the Convention and might be made a feature on the occasion.

Vol. I., No. 1 of the *Chicago Monthly Letter*, has made its appearance here, with Messrs. George and Gallagher at the helm. It is published in the interests of the deaf and dumb. Its make up is neat, and on the first page has an illustration. Were it not for the fact that there are already more papers for the class of persons for which this is intended, it would no doubt take well. Another drawback to the paper is the subscription price ($1.00) asked for it, which is entirely too high in these times of cheap newspapers.

Mr. Samuel W. Flenniken, the first pupil of the Institution which he entered fifty years ago, visited his son here and also one of his classmates, Mr. P. M. Park, the past week. Mr. F. is still hale and hearty and bears his advanced years lightly.

The following is taken from the *Cincinnati Enquirer* of last Sunday:

"A man was taken to Bremen-street Station last night, and on his way thither made it lively for the arresting officer, whom he abused with his glib and slang tongue. When he was searched the following unique card was fished out of a greasy pocket in his coat:

'Ladies and Gentlem Plais Ersist a por Def and Dumb man i been Very Much Oblech to you.

Albert Rosenberg.'"

The Finance Committee of the Legislature were down at the Institution Wednesday evening last, and after a general inspection of the building, agreed to report favorably upon all the appropriations asked for by the Trustees and Superintendent in their report for the support of the Institution the coming year. Columbus.

January 30, 1880.

Boston Letter.

Editor Journal:—Boston is at the present time the driest place I ever saw, and were it not for our sister State (Maine) and the murder at Groton, our daily paper would contain only advertisements. A very amusing incident happened the other day. Mr. Frank Robert's father owns a large building in the very heart of the city. He had occasion to call at his office a few days ago and left his horse standing in front of the building hitched to a wagon; he returned to find his horse gone. After a lapse of three days, it was seen coming out of a stable. The proprietor said the horse came there of his own accord. Mr. Roberts, believing this man's story, paid like a nice little man the three days' board for his horse. I have been somewhat amused of late at the mechanical and nautical turn of mind of Mr. Roberts, Jr. His father has a summer residence at Newcastle, N. H. This is a seashore town where a boat would give much pleasure. Mr. Roberts, Jr. is about to commence constructing a clinker built boat about 15 feet long and width and depth in proportion. The distance from Boston to Newcastle by water is about 60 miles, and he says he will row his boat the whole distance with his sister and brother as passengers. Should he undertake this, I fear he may meet a watery grave, as he has to cross two bays about 30 miles long, and as at the season of the year that he will undertake the daring feat—viz., July 1st—we have often thunder storms which would swamp his little boat were he in midbay.

George A. Newhall delivered a lecture last Wednesday evening to a fair audience at Chandler Hall. He was agreeably surprised, being presented by his lady admirers with a handsome photograph album.

A. W. Gerry is anxious to walk G. Nevers, of Bridgeport, Conn., a match of 24 hours, square heel and toe, for from $25 to $100 a side, the winner to have all the gate money—expenses of hall, etc., deducted; said match to take place before March and to be announced in the Journal.

I with many deaf-mutes am disappointed with the audiphone, because we believed we could hear by the aid of it. This reminds me of the fellow who was trying one when some one present asked him if he could pay that $5. These were the first words he heard. "I prefer to remain in my original condition, said he, and threw the audiphone out of the window.

At the invitation of Miss Stevens, a party of five deaf-mutes started out, on the evening of January 17th, for her house, only to find the lady out, having left earlier for Salem, Mass. This lady is not deprived of her speech, but is very deaf, and the audiphone is a great help to her hearing.

Boston, Jan. 26, 1880. *

NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

The fable relates that, "An ass, having put on a lion's skin, roamed about, frightening all the silly animals he met with, and seeing a fox, tried to alarm him also. But Reynard, having heard him attempt to roar said: "Well, to be sure! And I should have been frightened too, if I had not heard you bray." The moral is very obvious.

Those in the possession of but a meagre portion of brains may, from the vanity of their natures, put on airs and try to imitate well-bred people, but the counterfeit is easily detected.

Thanks for the educational methods here followed we seldon fail in detecting such individuals when they show themselves, which is quite frequently. Lest I be tempted to personalities, I will say no more on the subject; like the cautious hair dresser in Scott's "Heart of Mid Lothian," who had some articles in his window, which if he permitted the rabble to see, would make his position too hot to be tenantable, will "close up my shutters."

The interest taken by the pupils themselves in the question which is at present agitating the minds of their superiors, was shown by the subject selected for debate before the Literary Society, on Saturday, the 24th inst. The question under consideration, briefly stated, was, "Is Tarrytown a better place for this Institution than Manhattan Island?" It will be seen from this that the pupils have not yet arrived at a decision on the subject, though plenty of time has been given them. Hence a public approval or disapproval was deemed to be decisive. Those advocating Tarrytown, it was evident, could rule the majority. The question was not as ably handled as might be expected. The ballot showed 105 votes for Tarrytown, and but 37 for the other location named. Thus a majority of 68 votes stood in favor of Tarrytown, which is enough to decide the question.

This favorable view of the future location of our Inst., called forth the approval of Dr. Peet when he was informed of it.

The ultimate removal of this Institution is now a certainty, but the date has not been fixed upon. This of course cannot be done until there is some appearance of the proposed edifices.

On Wednesday, the 28th inst., Mr. A. T. Brown, a distinguished member of our Board of Directors, accompanied by Mr. Alfred Howell, who but a month previous, arrived on this side of the Atlantic from London, England, were among our most distinguished callers. Both gentlemen received a cordial welcome, and expressed surprise and admiration at the character of the exercises they had witnessed in their tour of the class-rooms. In the afternoon they visited the adminstrative department, and spoke in especial praise of the model and commodious printing office, and expressed astonishment at the skill of the typos. They bade us farewell at about 4 P. M.

Thursday was physically a lovely day, really more appropriate for spring than for January. It almost made us forget that five months intervene between now and vacation.

On Sunday a new regulation, long contemplated, went into effect. It is in substance that no one not connected with the school, will in the future be permitted to attend the Friday and Sunday evening's stereopticon lectures without a ticket of invitation. These tickets are numbered and are not transferable. This will prove a wise and beneficent measure, and will do away with much inconvenience.

Prof. Hyatt was promptly on hand on Thursday. The lecture he gave was the second of his course of ten lectures on Chemistry, which he has been engaged to deliver. We mentioned in our former article, the first lecture which started the course, and since then the subject has risen in importance. For study in connection with these lectures, new books have been purchased. The interest in the subject has risen steadily with each lecture. The experiments of course are generally the most interesting.

We have the pleasure of being able to report Miss Hagadorn's complete restoration to her former health. She is now as usual in charge of the special Art class. A host of congratulations greeted her on her first appearance, which were as sincere as they were universal.

On Friday we had the honor of having as our guest Pell William Foster, a student in the School of Mines, Columbia College. He is a son of William Foster, one of the founders of the Metropolitan Railroad.

On Tuesday, the articulation department underwent a change. It was divided into male and female divisions, the boys of the class being put in the first division, and the girls in the second division. This arrangement was found necessary for several causes, and the end it was intended to avert will, from the order of the classes at present, evidently be realized.

On the same day, two new male pupils were registered. One of them, the younger, is partially blind. Both are semi-mutes, and take to their surroundings with evident good feeling. The number at present enrolled, counting the Tarrytown branch, and the Mansion house is, males 310, females 200; total 510.

The Institution received a sore affliction, on Thursday, caused by the resignation of Mr. Blackstock, our supervisor, who was a general favorite. Mr. Blackstock united in himself all those qualities which go towards making a gentleman, and was universally respected. Though an inmate of a year he showed that, he possessed the qualities which are necessary to the efficient discharge of the arduous duties pertaining to such an office, in a very high degree. The vacancy has been filled by Mr. Alfred Holbrook, a gentleman of good education, and prepossessing appearance. We cannot now give an unbiassed opinion of him, as he is a hearing and speaking gentleman and yet unacquainted with the signs.

There is a very creditable advancement in the standards of deportment and order, and we infer this to be a good sign.

The school is a miniature State: a little commonwealth as we may say. The object of the government is the preservation and protection of the people; the object of the school is to prepare the people properly for living in the government. The State has laws "commanding what is right and what is wrong;" the school must have laws for the same purpose. If the laws of the school are not respected, the foundation of the school is endangered, and the unobservance of the rules framed to govern it, will eventually result in ruin. There are certain rules which experience has demonstrated to be necessary in the management of every good school. These are not not merely arbitrary regulations; they are founded in reason, and cannot be dispensed with if the school be made to accomplish the design of its organization. Their observance will insure habits of *attention, punctuality*, and *self-control*, that are an essential part of a good education, while their neglect will certainly entail a life of mortification, annoyance and failure. But we are wandering from our subject.

Occasionally we number among our callers, editors of the great journals of the metropolis. On Friday we had Rev. E. H. Pratt, one of the editors of the New York *Evangelist*. Mr. Pratt was a college "chum" of Prof. Jenkins, they being both students at Williams College at the same time. The primary object of his visit was to see the Audiphone in actual use, and to satisfy himself, as to its utility. He was shown what had been accomplished in the cases of several of the pupils, and was greatly surprised as well as gratified at the results. He also visited the printing office before his departure, as that department is considered as one of the seven great things.

The recently organized Quad Club held their meeting on Thursday evening. Addresses were made by F. R. Stryker and C. W. Hathaway. We have not space to give an account of the proceedings.

The Executive Committee of the Literary Society also held a meeting on the preceding Wednesday. Business of importance was transacted.

The forthcoming pantomine is the main subject of conversation. It will come off on Thursday, February 14th. It evidently will have among its audience some if not all of the "aristocrats" as the low price of admission (3 and 5 cents) will be a strong attraction. Goose Quill.

Fanwood, Jan. 30, 1880.

Letter from North Carolina.

We are under many obligations to Messrs. Gallagher and D. W. George for a sample copy of the Chicago *Letter*, which, upon the whole, is an excellent monthly journal for the deaf-mutes. Now these young and full fledged editors have just entered the elevated sphere of journalism, in which we hope they will find an object worthy of their pursuit, and assiduous efforts for the welfare of the mutes in the United States.

We are pleased to have made an acquaintance with one of the editors, whom we can heartily recommend to the deaf-mutes in general as a gentleman and scholar.

The first issue of their paper has passed the battery of criticisms and we bid them God-speed.

Hark ye! Solons of the Press—ye sons of thunder of the pulpit and bar, tremble in dismay and shudder with horror, for in the land of Hoosiery, a hair-brained fellow named Suttle hath said to Venerable Mr. Read of the *Advance*, in this inimitable vein of eloquence, pathos and humor:—

"I will sometimes present you a nicest thing to you when you will see it is best than any old things."

The deaf-mutes, the writer thinks, assume a peculiar attitude to the negro exodus, merely out of curiosity, and not from any political standpoint. It is desired to be understood that no blame—none whatever—can with propriety be laid on us the Southern people. Let them go on in their 'wild goose-chase' after fabulous piles of gold, a mule and a horse farm in the Far West, for they do it of their will. If you would prevail upon them to stay where they are and make the best out of their circumstances, why—well, wrap your cart-load of arguments and stern logic and send them all from out of Krupp's big gun into their skulls.

Mr. Stanford Nichols, a veteran printer, is preparing to move from Raleigh—his old home—to Winston, N. C., where we hope he will meet with much success.

The youngest child of Prof. Z. W. Haynes, who was for some time swung between life and death, has now quite recovered, we are glad to learn.

To the late editor of the Journal, H. C. Rider, I wave my adieu, and to the present editor I smile. May these expressions of my heart be pure, crystalline and unstained throughout the entire span of my life.

H. C. Tripp.

"Henri Blanc," Parlez vous Francais?

It is noticed in the Journal of Jan. 29th, that "Student" is evidently getting sick of his *nom de plume*. That is right "Henri Blanc"—get as sick as you can, and, if possible, get paler. You may pretty soon be no longer a "Student" but a dignified B. A., and therefore you do well to prepare in undoing yourself before the world. And then, when it is known who you are, oh! how the "taffy" chewers and pullers, away up in the arctic wilds of Wisconsin will spin on tiptoes and rejoice in the anticipation that by your graduation of that college of turned up Irish noses, they may at least stand one more chance of escaping the curse of "single blessedness." Now Hal, we don't care how much starched you become and how high you turn up your nose at them, (we always doubted you would do this piece of etiquette), but as we incline more to the Dudley Webster G. school, we are always happy to see you as much bleached as possible. A clean *white* shirt, you know, is always the mark of a gentleman. Well Henri.

I mean "weal" and not "woe" etc.,
And "I your friend will be,"

J. T. E.

Philadelphia, Jan. 31, 1880.

GEORGIA LETTER.

Editor Journal:—Last summer, when I returned home from school, I observed with surprise that the old bars around the National Cemetery near Andersonville were taken down and a new brick wall was being built. There were many alterations made on the Federal Cemetery. There was a new brick office built inside of the cemetery. The old superintendent of the cemetery was asked to go to Virginia and take charge of a cemetery there, but he was unwilling to leave his old friends. He resigned and moved to the little village of Andersonville. Messrs. Oliver and Danube occupy the new office as superintendents. Marble stones are placed at the head of every soldier. The brick wall was commenced in September, 1878, and continued down to September, 1879, when it was finished. About thirty masons were employed in working on it. It cost a large sum of money, perhaps $500,000. Every soldier's grave is decorated beautifully. It is said that while the Federals were penned up like a large herd of cattle and digging for water and food, the Moses of the band prayed to heaven for water, and felt that his prayers would be answered. He took his little hatchet and went to a stump and struck it and commanded water to come forth, when a spring of clear water came forth, and the spring ran down the side of a hill. What a wonderful spring! The prisoners sang hosannas and then returned thanks to heaven before drinking. This is not true, but many Federal soldiers were ignorant enough to believe if they got captured the Creator would send them water and manna from heaven when they became hungry and thirsty.

At the Georgia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb we had a splendid Christmas tree. We had several parties. A compauy of young ladies spent Christmas at the Cave Spring Hotel. They took some interest in the deaf and dumb boys. On the night of the 28th of December we were admitted into the hotel. An estimable gentleman invited the deaf and dumb boys to have a merry time in the town around the square. He gave them a large number of firecrackers. His entertainment cost nearly twenty dollars. It is impossible for us to forget him, for we appreciate his kindness toward us. The biggest boys were in the hotel, talking with the young ladies. A boastful fellow by the name of Ardine Rembeck called for Miss Ivens, a young lady of New Orleans. She came and talked with him. It was rumored over this little village that some of the boys have been kissing the ladies. One of the ladies, by the name of Miss Battey, made J. T. Bowen, a deaf-mute of this Institution, a present. Rembeck has been talking with them a great deal. There are a great many gentlemen who don't know there are ladies who divert themselves by playing tricks upon young gentlemen who are so foolish as to be caught in the snare. Rembeck and Bowen are two of them. I have been with them, but I never let them fool me as they did R. and B. That lady with whom Rembeck had been associating was married and unknown to any one. The married couple kept their marriage a secret for a month. You must take care not to be fooled like Bowen and Rembeck.

E. C. Duncan.

January 20, 1880.

PLEASANT NEWS.

Editor Journal:—I want to give you some news. We are very much pleased with your worthy paper. I wish you success.

Last fall I visited Mr. Elbert J. Redington. I stayed with him for a few days. Elbert's wife is a very kind-hearted and pleasant lady. Everybody respects and esteems her. They have one son, who is a very bright and smart boy. He will be two years old next March.

Elbert is a very industrious son of a well-to-do farmer, Mr. Ransom Redington, who has a nice farm, a peach orchard, and four apple orchards, and a good deal of live stock. Elbert has a deaf-mute sister, Lydia, wife of John Hines, who has a nice farm, on which he built a nice new house last fall. His brother Frank is a deaf-mute, who attends school at Columbus, Ohio. Everybody says that he is a good and obedient boy. Mrs. E. T. Redington has a sister, Emma, who is an intelligent semi-mute lady, and lives with her brother, F. C. Robinson, the Mayor of Bridgeport, Ohio. They prefer Cincinnati for the Deaf-Mute Convention. The city is a nice place for the mutes to have a good meeting.

The weather is delightful and pleasant, but the roads are dreadfully muddy. Lake Side.

January 26, 1880.

What the High Class Girls Say about It.

Mr. Editor:—Last week there appeared an item in the Journal, saying, "the High Class girls were unable to keep a secret." The members of the class wish to say that they can, when the secret is worth keeping. They had planned an "expedition of pleasure," intending to accept the invitation of their teacher, Prof. Jenkins, and spend the evening with him and wife. On returning, for the sake of a shorter walk, they passed through the nearest door, and some prying individual, happening to see them, concluded they wanted it kept "mum;" but, as, a few days before, some of the ladies had spoken of the anticipated visit, hence occurred the mistake. Were it a trifle, we would take it as a compliment, otherwise we deem it necessary to correct such fallacy. Hoping this will appear in your paper, we remain,

Members of the High Class.

From Nantick.

Editor Journal—The Deaf-Mutes' Journal of the 29th, came to me to-day. It *is one of the best papers* ever I received. It has a great deal of interesting reading matter, especially the studio of H. Humphrey Moore. I have taken the Journal ever since it was first published. I cannot afford to part with it. Every deaf-mute in the world ought to have it. I was successful in getting a new subscriber for your paper. Miss S. Emma Stone of Lynn, Mass., she wrote she is greatly pleased with it. I preserve the Journal from its first issue up to the present for reference. I wish you great abundance of success. Will write more.

Alden F. Osgood.

Nantick, Mass., Jan. 31, 1880.

CINCINNATI NOTES.

Joseph M. T. Davis, better known in the police and sporting circles as "Dummy Davis," "Fighting Trim," "Booter Joe," etc, is in the city a free man. He was pardoned out of the Columbus Penitentiary on Jan. 2d, by Gov. Bishop, on the condition that he (Davis) abstains from the use of strong drink for the period of five years. It is generally believed by all that he would never have shot Policeman Bird had he been sober. Joe is now engaged as a moulder in the immense Stove foundry of W. C. Davis & Co., he having learned the trade at the prison. I hope he will reform and be a better citizen hereafter. In answer to a question asked by one of his friends how he liked the hotel at Columbus, Joe replied with more emphasis than elegance—"d—n it."

"Dr." Dice, a mute from Chicago, and a former pupil at the Indianapolis school, is in the city, looking for a job as a carpenter, or any kind of work he can find. I have not learned whether he has succeeded or not.

Miss Ellen Pfender, a young mute lady from the country and a graduate of the Danville school, is visiting her sister in Covington, Ky. She expects to return home in a week or two.

The Chicago *Letter*, a new monthly published in the interest of deaf-mutes, has made its appearance in this city this week. It is a very neat paper, ably edited by Messrs. D. W. George and James Gallagher. The article "Mutes as Workmen" is certainly very able and convincing, and I hope every young mute will read it and follow its advice. Mr. George, one of the editors, is a young man of fine talents and abilities, and is well and favorably known in Kentucky. He inherited his talents from his late father, Prof. James G. George, who edited and published the Richmond, (Ky.) *Messenger* (weekly for speaking people) with signal ability and success during the late unpleasantness. His printing office was destroyed by Gen. Morgan and his famous raiders. Mr. George escaped to Louisville, and obtained a clerkship in the U. S. headquarters, which he held till the close of the war. Subsequently he accepted a position as teacher at the Danville school, which he held with great satisfaction to the Trustees till his death, which occurred several years ago.

I hope the Chicago *Letter* abundant success.

Mercury.

Letter from York, Pa.

Mr. Editor:—Allow me to put a few lines in your influential paper. On the 19th of January, Ed. W. H. Gibbs, of Eastorn, Maryland, a gentleman of intelligence and refinement, who graduated from the Philadelphia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, visited a relative in this town. We had not seen him for thirty-three years. We had a fine chat with him. He quoted from history and told many interesting anecdotes, some of which caused much merriment. He left for his home in the "marshy land," on the twenty-third of January. All who know him, please accept his kind regards. We wish him along finely.

Exton.

York, Jan. 11, 1880.

"Curfew Must not Ring To-night."

Probably many of you deaf-mutes have seen the poem with the above title and silently passed it by with the convenient excuse that you did not understand poetry, and therefore missed a literary treat, for this is said to be one of the most beautiful poems, by an unknown author, ever printed. Besides this, there is something to interest your community in the heroism exhibited by a young girl named Bessie to outwit a deaf old sexton from ringing the curfew bell, which would announce the execution of her lover.

But before I tell you the story, or rather legend, let me first tell you what "curfew" means.

We do not very often meet this word, except in old English stories of William the Conqueror's time, or later, of Oliver Cromwell's, and with the latter this story has something to do.

Among one of the laws, he made during the five years that he (Cromwell) was called "Lord Protector of England" was the revival of the rule of his ancestor William that a bell, to be called the "Curfew bell," should be rung every night at twilight, to warn the people to put out their lights and go to bed. Think of that, you social deaf-mutes who wish you could sit up into the "wee sma' hours" every evening there is a reunion in the girls' sitting-room. Our great great English grandfathers had to go to bed almost when the chickens did, or run the gauntlet of their sovereign's displeasure.

So you see the word "curfew" now means "a notice to put out the lights and go to bed." It is not, however, generally known that criminals were put to death at its ringing.

Now for the story.

There was a young man, Basil Underwood by name, who had in some way committed a crime, the nature of which was such that his head was to pay the forfeit. Perhaps he was a murderer or a traitor; history is mute about what it was: but be it what it may have been, he was expecting to die the next time the curfew bell rung after his trial.

Basil had a sweetheart named Bessie, but all my woman curiosity cannot discover her other name; anyhow, it became Underwood in course of time.

This young girl was a fair blue-eyed maid with "sunny floating hair," one of the old time timid, rosy-cheeked English girls. But when Basil was arrested and tried, she became very much changed, as you will see by reading the fourth verse of the poem:

"Wild her eyes and pale her features,
Stern and white her thoughtful brow;
And within her heart's deep centre,
Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read:
'At the ringing of the Curfew Basil Underwood must die.'
And her breath came fast and faster;
And her eyes grew large and bright;
One low murmur, scarcely spoken:
'Curfew must not ring to-night.'"

But how to carry out her vow perplexed her a great deal. She had hoped to go to Cromwell and plead his cause, but Cromwell was "o'er the hills and far away," and might not return until Basil would be dead. The sexton who rang the bell was very deaf, and she could not make him understand her request not to ring it until she had seen the Protector, without other ears hearing what was not intended for them, for very few people could read and write in those days. Let us be thankful we live in a better age.

Still Bessie was determined in some way to save her lover from an inglorious death, and therefore watched for the time when the old sexton would leave his house and its inmates for his solitary walk to the tower where the bell hung, with a rope for him to pull below, and ring out the dreadful death knell. At last he came.

"England's sun was setting o'er the hills so far away;
Filled the land with misty beauty at the close of that sad day,
And the last ray kissed the forehead of the man and maiden fair."

But she was too sad to see the beauties of that glorious sunset: he, too absorbed in his stern duty.

"Sexton!" Bessie's white lips faltered as loud as she dared, and pointed to the old prison

"with
Its walls so tall and gloomy,
Walls so dark and damp and cold—"

Then looking around timidly to be sure no one was listening continued.

"'I've a lover in that prison,
Doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew,
And no earthly help is nigh,
Cromwell will not come till sunset,'
And her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke a little lower,
'Curfew *must not* ring to-night.'"

Vain appeal; the old sexton had imbibed too much of his master's stern ideas of right, for he very calmly told her—

"Long, long I've rung the Curfew
From that gloomy' shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset,
It has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever,
Tried to do it just and right;
Now I'm old I will not miss it,
Girl, the curfew rings to-night!'"

Did she faint, or beg for mercy? no, not she, though—

"Every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows,
Like a deadly poisoned dart."

She only left him and went on fast to the tower door, found the long slimy ladder that led to the bell; no one for a hundred years had been up its mouldy rounds, but she staggered up its shaking form, intent that the curfew should not ring that night.

"And the old man, he came slowly,
Paths he'd trod so oft before."
* * * * *
"Bessie reached the topmost ladder;
O'er her hung the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her,
Like the pathway down to hell."

there she stood and watched the great iron tongue untill she saw its ponderous weight beginning to swing—but did she let it?—No, never! that brave heroic girl grasped the great unwieldy tongue in her delicate hands, but it was too much for her to stop it; then with a grip firm and true as steel—

Out she swung——far out;
The city seemed a king speck below—
There, twixt heaven and earth suspended,
As the bell swung to and fro;
And the deaf old sexton ringing
Years he had not heard the bell:
Thought the ringing of the Curfew,
Rang young Basil's funeral knell:"

Still Bessie clung to it, bruising her fair soft hands. What cared she; the Executioner below in the prison yard with his black mask drawn was waiting for the first notes to strike off her lover's head: but the clang did not come, it was too dark to see the cause of delay, and Basil was spared for that night at least. After the bell had ceased swaying, Bessie crept down the dark damp ladder (her great love must have kept her from falling) and went out into the fresh air, and there to her great joy she saw Cromwell passing on his way home and—

"her brow
Lately white with sickening horror
Glows with sudden beauty now;
At his feet she told her story,
Showed her hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard,
With a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity,
Lit his eyes with misty light.
'Go, your lover lives!' cried Cromwell,
'Curfew shall not ring to-night.'"

Bessie thanked him with all the ardor of youth, whose first ideal of love and happiness had been spared the bitter, bitter pang of never being realized; and the stern old Protector must have felt, way down in his Puritan heart, deeper emotions than he had ever felt in all the years of his work in England. History says his eyes were dim with unshed tears: he was too proud a man to let others see that *he* could weep. Of the joy, the happiness of Basil's being free, the wedding at Bessie's cottage-home, and the happy years that came and went, I leave to the reader's imagination; but I sometimes wonder if the deaf old sexton ever found out what Bessie that night had done, and which is now told long ages after,

"As the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty,
Aged sires, with heads of white,
Tell the children why the Curfew
Did not ring that one sad night."

Bu. K. Worm.

Jan. 26, 1880.

Because I'm Twenty-five.

'Tis wondrous strange how great the change
Since I was in my teens,
Then I had beaux and billet doux,
And joined the gayest scenes,
But lovers now have ceased to vow;
No way they now contrive
To poison, drown, or hang themselves,
Because I'm twenty-five.

Once, if the night was ne'er so bright
I ne'er abroad could roam,
Without "The bliss, the honor, miss,
Of seeing you safe at home."
But now I go through rain and snow
Pursued and scarce alive,
Through all the dark without a spark,
Because I'm twenty-five.

They used to call and ask me all
About my health so frail,
And thought a ride would help my side
And turn my cheeks less pale,
But now, alas! if I am ill
None cares that I survive,
And my pale cheek in vain may speak
Because I'm twenty-five.

How the Art of Roasting or Boiling was discovered.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, had for the first seventy thousand ages eaten their meat raw, having of biting it from the living animal. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather boiling was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Hoti, having gone into the woods one morning to collect mast for hogs, left his cottage in the care of his son, Bobo, a great lubberly boy. The boy, being fond of playing with fire, let some sparks escape into the bundle of straw, which, quickly kindling, spread the conflagration over every part of the house, which was reduced to ashes. Together with the house, a litter of new farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods we read of. Bobo was in the utmost consternation, not so much for the tenement (which he and his father could build with a few branches and the labor of a few hours) as the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, a scent assailed his nostrils. This smell was, of course, new to him, as he had never experienced it before. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, flower, or any thing that was around him. A premonitory moistening overflowed his nether lip. Then he did not know what to think. So he stooped down to see if there were any signs of life in the burnt pig. He felt it, and, burning his fingers, he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth to cool them. He happened to taste what was left on his fingers. After thinking a while, the truth at last glowed into his slow understanding that it was the burnt pig that smelt so and tasted so delicious. Surrendering himself up to the newly-born pleasure, he fell to tearing whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the meat next it, cramming them down his throat, when his sire came amid the burnt rafters armed with a retributory cudgel. Finding how affairs stood, he began to rain blows upon the lazy rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which the boy heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure in his palate had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote regions. His father could not beat him from his pig, till he had made a fair end of it, when, becoming more sensible of his situation, this dialogue followod: "What have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what?" said the father. "O! the pig—very delicious—and you should taste how nice the burnt pig eats," said the boy. The ears of the father tingled with horror. He cursed his son and cursed himself that ever he should beget a son who should eat a burnt pig.

The boy, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, raked out another burnt pig, and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the less half by force into the fist of his father, saying: "O! father! eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, only taste," with such like barbarous ejaculations cramming the whole while as if he would choke. The father trembled in every joint, while he grasped the abominable food, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the cracking scorched his fingers as it had done his son's, and, applying the same remedy, he in his turn tasted the food, which proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion, Hoti and Bobo fairly sat down to the mess and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the pigs.

Bobo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for they would no doubt be stoned to death for an abominable couple, who could think of improving upon the good food which God had sent. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was now observed that the cottage of Hoti was burnt down oftener than ever. As soon as the sow farrowed her pigs, sure was the house of Hoti to be burnt down. Thus the mystery went on. Hoti seemed, instead of chastising his son, to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At last they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and Hoti and Bobo summoned to take their trial at Pekin. Evidence was found, the pig itself produced in court, and verdict about to bo pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that the burnt pig might be handed into the box. He handled it, and soon all the jurymen handled it. Burning their fingers as Hoti and Bobo had done, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy against the face of all the facts, they found the burnt pig to be a delicious food, and brought in a simultaneous verdict of "Not guilty." The decision was announced to the great surprise of all those who were present.

The judge, who was shrewd, winked at the iniquity of the decision. After court was dismissed, he went privily and bought all the pigs that could be had for money or love. Pretty soon the house of the judge was seen to be in flames. The thing took wing, and there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. They built slighter and slighter till they feared that the very science of architecture would soon be lost. Thus this custom of burning houses continued till, in process of time, says the manuscript, a sage rose like our Locke who made the discovery that the meat of the pigs or indeed other animals, could be cooked without the necessity of consuming houses to dress it. Then began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or so later, it has not been said in whose dynasty.

At lenth I have explained how the important art of boiling was discovered.

SUBSCRIBER.

A Remarkable Youth.

JAMES Watts was, from his birth, of an extremely delicate constitution, unfitted for taking part in the common sports of boys, and little prepared for those struggles with difficulties which afterwards marked his career. His mother, who was a woman no less remarkable for her intelligence than for her personal graces, taught him to read when scarcely out of his infancy; and his father, who was a ship's carpenter and dealer in naval stores at Greenock, added a little writing and arithmetic. In the latter, the child rapidly improved, and he was fond of working out his sums with a pencil upon scraps of paper, or more commonly with a piece of chalk upon the floor, sometimes his only amusement when the severe headaches to which he was subject, compelled his parents to keep him at home. On one occasion when he was bending over a stone-hearth with the usual piece of chalk, a visitor who was present remarked to the father, "The boy ought to be sent to a public school, and not permitted to idle his time away at home." "Look at what my child is doing before you blame him," returned the father. The child of six years of age was endeavoring to solve a problem in geometry. Another time he was scolded by his aunt Muirhead, while taking tea with the Watts, for his assumed indolence. "Jemmy," said the worthy lady, solemnly, "I never saw such an idle boy as you are. Pray take a book and employ yourself usefully; for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again; holding now a cup and now a spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, catching and counting the drops it falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in that way?" The little James playing with the teakettle, observes M. Arago, who tells this story, became the mighty engineer preparing the discoveries which were to immortalize him.—*London S. S. Times.*

The only object, we are taught in Scripture, of such a being as Christ being born into the world, was to be the Saviour to all men. To do this he must come in that condition which is most universal. If we think a moment, we shall see that the great mass of humanity begins life at the foot of the hill, because of lowly circumstances. To be a Saviour there must not be anything in his relation to men, or in his position among them, to hinder the poorest in freely approaching him. It would have been fatal to his influence in winning the hearts of men for them to think he condescended from wealth or station to minister unto them. And so to be a Saviour to the world Christ was born into it as one of the common children, and lived their experiences. No grandeur of circumstances, no earthly dignity, cut him off from personal contact and sympathy with the lowly. Everything in his speech and manner of life was suited to this object. Every condition to meet men on their own footing was completed by the birth of Christ.

"There is a man," said his neighbor, speaking of a village carpenter, "who has done more good, I believe, in this commnnity, than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very well in prayer-meeting, and he does'nt often try. He isn't worth two thousand dollars, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers for any other object. But a new family never moves into the village that he does n't find them, to give them a neighborly welcome, and offer any little service he can render. He is usually on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor, and look after affairs for him: and I've sometimes thought he and his wife kept house-plants in winter just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folks in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the streets."

Domestic Recipes.

RICE PIE.—One teacup boiled rice, one egg, one cup rich milk, one-half cup sugar, or more if desired; flavor with vanilla or nutmeg, and mix before putting in; bake with one crust.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Two cups of sour milk, one and one-half cups of Indian meal, two cups of wheat flour, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and half a cup of chopped raisins. Steam two hours.

POTATOES ROASTED UNDER MEAT.—Half boil large potatoes; drain the water, put them into an earthen dish or small tin pan, under meat roasting; baste them often with the drippings; turn them, to brown nicely on all sides; take them up in a separate dish.

FRIED CHICKEN.—Cut up, steam in a little water, salt, roll in flour, broil on a gridiron, or fry in butter in a frying pan, or lay in a pan with a little butter and water; cover with another pan, baste often, and fry brown. In either case make a gravy of the drippings and serve in a gravy boat.

TONGUE TOAST.—Take a beef tongue that has been well boiled, chop fine, mix with cream or milk, the beaten yolk of an egg, a piece of butter, and salt to taste; simmer gently. Toast thin slices of bread, butter them, spread with the mixture and serve hot. Keep covered and hot in a tureen. This is also very nice without the toast, and is good for breakfast or tea.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Drain the liquor from the oysters, and to a cupful of this add the same quantity of milk, three eggs, a little salt and flour, enough for a thin batter. Have ready in the frying-pan a few spoonfuls of sweet lard, or half lard and half butter; heat very hot and drop the oyster batter in by the spoonful. Try a spoonful first to be sure the lard is hot enough and the fritter of the right consistency. Take from the pan as soon as they are done a light brown, and serve as soon as possible.

The Sorrows of Genius.

Homer was a beggar.
Spencer died in want.
Cervantes died of hunger.
Terrance, the dramatist, was a slave.
Dryden lived in poverty and distress.
Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold.
Butler lived a life of penury, and died poor.
Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress.
Plautus, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill.
Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, and yet starved with all.
Tasso, the Italian poet, was often distressed for five shillings.
Steele, the humorist, lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs.
Otway, the English dramtist, died prematurely, and through hunger.
Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at 18.
Bentivoglio was refused admittance into a hospital he had himself erected.
The death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement.
Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for the debt of forty dollars.
Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law.
Feilding lies in the burying ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot.
Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for $75, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

You can probably be rich, my son, if you will be. If you will be a rich man, and stick to it, there is no question but what you will be wealthy, tolerably mean, loved a little, hated a great deal, have a big funeral, be blessed by those to whom you leave the least, and villified by those to whom you leave nothing. But you must pay for it, my son. Wealth is an expensive thing. It costs all it is worth. If you want to be worth a million dollars, it will cost you just a million dollars to get it. Broken friendships, intellectual starvation, loss of social enjoyment, deprivation of generous impulses, the smothering of manly aspirations, a limited wardrobe and scanty table, a lonely home because you fear a lovely wife and a beautiful home would be expensive, a hatred of the heathen, a dread of the contribution box, a haunting fear of the Women's Aid Society, a fretful dislike of the poor, because they won't work and keep their misery out of your sight, a little sham benevolence that is worse than none; oh, you can be rich, young man, if you are willing to pay the price. Any man may get rich who does not think it too expensive. True, you may be rich, and be a man among men, noble, and Christian, and grand, and true, serving God, and blessing humanity, but that will be in spite of your wealth, and not a result of it. It will be because you always were that kind of a man. But if you want to be rich merely for the sake of being rich, if that is the length and bredth of your ambition, you can be rich if you will pay the price. And when you are rich, son, call around at this office and pay for the advice. We will let the interest compound from this date. —*Hawkeye.*

MAKING A NOSE OF A FINGER.

Thonas Coulter, age 22, is a patient in Bellevue hospital, New York, for whom surgery is doing a remarkable work. When quite young his nose was badly injured, and later in life pugilistic practice helped it on to ruin. Disease set in and took what was left of the probosis, and Coulter entered the hospital to have nature repaired. The surgeons set to work to construct a new nose. Their work is described in the *Herald* as follows: About the 1st of November last, six weeks before the surgical operation which laid the foundation for the nose that is now growing in Tommy's face was performed, the first step toward the end to be attained was taken. The middle finger of the left hand was frozen by being put in freezing mixture of ice and salt. Then the nail was removed. Nitric acid was applied to destroy the matrix of the nail so that no nail would grow. On the 12th of December last the operation was performed. First of all the subject was placed under the influence of an anæsthetic. The skin was then removed from the end of the finger to about the origin of the nail—the frozen, nailless finger already described. Two flaps were raised from the palmate surface of the finger and a silver wire armed with a needle at either end was passed through the finger. Two flaps were also raised from the face on either side of the opening of the nose and then the end of the finger was placed in a pocket made in the skin where the nose formerly had been. The raw surface of the flaps of the finger were then attached to the raw surfaces of the flaps of the face.

At this stage of the operation, owing to the palm of the hand being placed over the mouth and the trickling of blood into the windpipe, breathing was stopped. The patient became black in the face, and death was imminent. The operating surgeon at once opened the larynx and inserted a tracheotomy tube—then the patient began breathing again, his life being saved by the judgement and skill displayed in the application of artificial respiration. The necessary raising of the hand in order so perform trachcotomy resulted in tearing some of the stitches, which were then replaced and the surgical part of the operation was complete. It only remained to bind up the wound air-tight and stationary. Linen and canvas soaked in plaster of paris, were then wound round and round the man's face and head, so that when the plaster dried he would be unable to move either, and his hand also is held in position by plaster of paris bandages. Tommy was in excellent condition when the operation was performed, and he has been doing well ever since. He is under the influence of morphine at all hours, but he is not always unconscious, and he uses his right hand and arm, which are free, to indicate his wishes.

It is now more than a month that he has lain thus immovable, waiting for his new nose to grow from the middle finger of his left hand. Already the flaps taken from the finger have united with the flaps taken from the face. As the flaps unite the process of forming the new nose becomes more and more interesting. Nature has begun to perform her share of the work, but the supply of blood necessary to nourish the growing nasal organ must not be too little or too great. If it is too little the new nose will die, if too great new blood vessels will not form on a plan sufficiently comprehensive. At first it was necessary that the digital arteries of the finger should keep up their supply of nourishment, but if this was maintained the blood vessels of the new nose would be only partially developed—hence it becomes incumbent upon the surgeon to destroy the circulation of the finger gradually, that the arteries of the face shall develop sufficiently to nourish the nose on their own account. The gradual process is accomplished by tying the arteries one by one. With one of them this has been done, and so the supply of nourishment from the finger is cut off already. The other artery is to be tied up later on, probably next week. When both digital arteries are tied there will still be a little circulation from the finger, and this will be allowed to continue some time longer to assist the vessels of the face in nourishing the nose. Finally amputation will be resorted to, and then the work will be complete, except in so far as surgical aid may be required in making Tommy's nose a thing of beauty. The amputation will be made at the second phalangael articulation or middle joint of the finger. The bone of the finger will correspond to the bridge of the nose, and the first phalangael articulation which would otherwise make a joint in the nose will become stiff and hard.

A toast—Woman: she requires no eulogy—*she speaks for herself.*

Let us take things coolly in this world, seeing we are to have it warm in the next.

Professor of Psychology—"What is the first power developed in man?" Senior (somewhat mixed)—Well—I—well—I suppose the power of creep." Senior sits down amid wild applause.

Large carbuncles are being revived. They are intended for finger ornaments, but some men will persist in wearing them on their toes. You can always tell a man who wears his carbuncle on his toe when you see him at a swell party. He stands on his other foot the most of the evening, and lies to the hostess about the bang up time he has had.—*Ex.*

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These are the principles upon which THE SUN will be conducted during the year to come.

The year 1880 will be one in which no patriotic American can afford to close his eyes to public affairs. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The debates and acts of Congress, the utterances of the press, the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all bear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago next November the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an abominable conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant, and insolent Administration intrenched at Washingtnn. THE SUN did something towards dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now intriguing to restore their leader and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answer to these momentous questions. THE SUN will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right.

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